SAWDUST

Vol. III Aug. 1943 No. 8

The first lesson

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Friends, Customers and Customers-To-Be.

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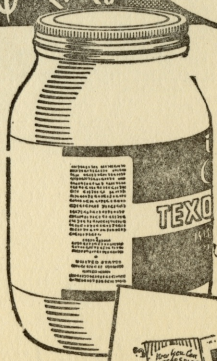

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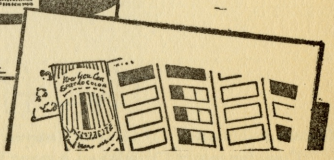

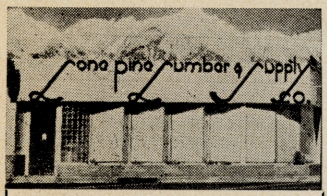

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

RUDIE HENDERSON
ERNEST F. LASKY
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SAINZ
L. D. OWEN
CRUZ SAINZ
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No Help Wanted

Some time ago, the then-married Sinclair Lewis got a fan letter from a Southern girl, who offered first of all to be his secretary, since she was mad to meet him, secondly, to do anything for him. "And when I say anything," she wrote, "I mean **anything**."

Taking care of such mail was a delight to Mrs. Lewis. In her answer she noted that Mr. Lewis was provided with a competent secretary, and that she herself did everything else. "And when I say everything," continued Mrs. Lewis, "I mean **everything**."

("Three American airmen, Edward Mallory Vogel, Tennessee; Izzie Goldberg, the Bronx, N. Y.; and Edwin J. Sipowski, Waukegan, Ill.; killed in a take-off in San Juan Harbor, were buried side by side, with a Protestant chaplain, a Roman Catholic priest and a rabbi officiating. The flag for which they fought flew over them."—News Item.)

A chaplain, a priest and a rabbi—
Protestant—Catholic—Jew—
Three Yanks in three simple caskets—
Three colors, red, white and blue . . .
A hush on a tropic island
As notes from a bugle fall—
Three rituals slowly chanted—
Three faiths in a common call!

A lad from the Bronx; another
Who joined up in Tennessee;
A third one from far Waukegan—
A typical bunch, those three!
A crash in a naval airplane . . .
A rush to its crumpled side . . .
And near by Old Glory marking
The reason the trio died.

They answered a call to duty
From church and from synagogue—
From hillside and teeming city . . .
Three names in a naval log!
Each raised in his separate concepts—
Each having his form to pray—
But all for a faith triumphant
When rituals fade away!

A prayer in Latin phrases—
And one with more ancient lore;
A Protestant simple service—
All one on a distant shore!
"Qui tollis peccata mundi" . . .
And, "Enter ye unto rest" . . .
A blessing from ancient Moses . . .
For three who had met the test!

This is the story mighty
Making our sinews strong:
Boys from the many altars
Warring on one great wrong!
This is the nation's power,
This is its suit of mail:
Land where each narrow bigot
Knows that he can't prevail!

H. I. Phillips

SENTENTIOUS ANECDOTES

Hot Spot

Here's a check which I hope will entitle me to a couple of Saturday nite dips in Lone Pine Community Pool. Aside from the fact that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" and that it gets "Hotter'n the Hinges of Hell" around Lone Pine, this seems to me to be a swell project. More power to it.—G. O. Goodwin, Independence, Cal.

Tardigradous

In reading the June issue of SAWDUST (which I read from cover to cover immediately upon arrival) I note that on June 21 there was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Henderson, a son. Being the father of six sons, I want to extend my sincere congratulations on this happy event. Under separate cover I am mailing to you two war bond wallets which I hope will come in handy for both father and son. Here's hoping both mother and son are doing nicely and that the young fellow may soon be helping dad in the business.—E. C. Millikan, Los Angeles.

Had fecund reader Millikan done his cover to cover reading more intensely, he would have observed that the birth announcement was under "Retrospection, June, 1928." The 15-year old son has practically taken over the business. Should we return the war bond wallets?

Serenity

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunder-storm.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Such is Fame

I like "Wallpaper" O.K. First thing you'll be competing with the "Inyo Independent."—Sgt. Juan Perez, Hawaiian Islands.

Repairment

I had a happy experience a couple of weeks ago. I am at present in the foreign section of the post office, the section that handles publications going out to the soldiers across the Atlantic. Almost hidden away among thousands of other publications, I spied a copy of SAWDUST. The cover had been damaged a bit from having been forwarded two or three times, and it was my great pleasure to patch it up and send it on its merry way on its last lap to a fighting man. May he get as much pleasure out of it as I do!—W. J. P., New York City.

Letter to Liberty

You boys in New York would indeed have a difficult time making a comfortable living were it not for us suckers in the hinterland. I am referring to your Webster's Giant-Illustrated dictionary used in your circulation promotion . . . Yes, the dictionary shrunk. Not that it matters, but Liberty has also shrunk in our estimation.—Rudie Henderson.

All in Unison

So, it is our part, every little country editor, every little business man and farmer, every working man and housewife, to lend their voices to a huge chorus of protest against inefficient bureaucracy, bungling and incompetent leadership, against continuance of soft social experiments in the face of war's realities, in an effort by a united people to restore order, efficiency and unity in their own government.—Harley M. Leete in Nevada City Nugget.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Early in June, as noted last month, we journeyed to Los Angeles to be cliniqued. Since this ditty concerns the examination of one's vitals, we might term it an organ recital.

More than two years ago, Doc Dueker and Ernest Lasky hauled us home from the store in a state of acute rigidity, although entirely conscious of the fuss that was being kicked up.

In fact on one or two occasions on Sundays or holidays we were stretched out on the desk or counter in a similar condition while Charlie Sumner pounded and hammered and squalled to let him in.

On a Tuesday in June we were munching a hamburger at the Sierra Cafe, when without any preliminary introduction as usually was the case, we attempted another blackout. Lena Pampel, the waitress, started to toss a pitcher of iced-tea at us before we waved her off. Now we definitely do not like iced-tea. So it appeared that we should do something about this.

Besides, we are not one to create any misapprehension in the minds of the eating public relative to the Mickey Finn element that might be included in hamburgers at the Sierra Cafe.

When we were in high school we had our tonsils amputated. We were put in a ward beforehand and told to take off our clothes and get into that nightgown which turned out to be a thigh length smock that opened all the way down the front—with no buttons. Also, zippers were unknown in that day. All the time a couple of girl classmates—student nurses, had more business in that ward than the entire hospital required, or at least so we thought as their leering eyes came our way.

That's how you are cliniqued. Always a girl around.

In fact the Sawbones closeted us in an insulting room with a sweet young thing that told us to take off our shirt. Then, with a blood pressure outfit clamped onto our left arm and a thermometer in our mug so that we couldn't remonstrate, she unbuckled the shoulder straps of our underwear and unveiled a virtually hairless chest and a lily white protuberant belly. We almost bit that thermometer in two as she aimed at our belt buckle.

But no, the removal of our pants, thank gawd, was a privilege reserved by old Sawbones in person.

For fifteen dollars we were inspected minutely—yes, very minutely, with the aid of a spotlight, both fore and aft. The door to the insulting room was left unlatched so that the sweet young thing could bob in any time she became curious.

Friend reader, we decline to go further into the morbid details. Go spend your own fifteen dollars.

All we can say is that our feelings resembled that of a drawn chicken stretched out in the kitchen sink. Our entrails were now things of public knowledge.

After all of this we were sold a bottle of calcium, which we retail in the form of lime at $1.25 per 60-pound sack, and a box of pills about the size of split fire bricks. The instructions read "two tablets whenever required for a spasm." We haven't been compelled to sample them thus far, but we are a bit curious to know how we can chew and guzzle a brace of them after we become stiff.

G. Walter Dow . . .

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow, after 25 years of residence in Lone Pine, now reside in Whittier. A Pasadena friend wrote: "What can life be in Lone Pine without the Dows?" We think the answer may always be this: They, more than any, have shaped the destiny of Lone Pine. It is

. . . Maude H. Dow

for us to carry on. Through 25 years of their prime they have shown us the true American way of life. By their precedents may we strive to live up to their likenesses. Thus may we still follow in their footsteps of life and thus shall the Dows be forever legion.

Wallpaper

Cause for concern: Copies of SAWDUST mailed overseas to our boys in the service are being returned with the postoffice notation: Dispatch prohibited by Order No. 19687, Postal Bulletin Jan. 8, 1943" ...The objection of our good friend, Councilman Lloyd G. Davies to the proposed sale of L. A. City owned property in Owens Valley raises the question in our mind whether his attitude is prompted so much for the interest of Los Angeles or whether he has an axe to grind as a result of his former employment in the Dept.'s Independence office...Why don't barbers modernize their nomenclature? If the removal of one's tonsils is called a tonsilectomy, and the removal of one's appendix is called an appendectomy, why don't the barbers call the removal of hair an hairectomy?...Future historical note: "Another prime factor in the foundering of the great American Democracy was: In early 1943 25,000 state employees managed Ohio from everything down to administration of state highways, but the Federal government required 90,000 employees in Ohio to handle federal business. In Massachusetts there were 21,000 state employees, while federal employees totaled 129,000. In Pennsylvania, there were 44,500 state employees; 215,000 federal employees"..."By whom?" asked a husband when told that his wife was outspoken...Recommended reading: "Goodbye, Lover, Goodbye," in July MADEMOISELLE, and "The French Situation" in the July 19th LIFE...Speaking of reading, if you haven't the time to peruse Walter Lippmann's "U. S. Foreign Policy" don't miss the 7-page picture dramatization of it in the August LADIES HOME JOURNAL..."He'll get a good job paying $60-$70 a week. Uncle Sam is already mapping out a program..." is a type of propaganda that we dislike to see the bureaucrats lavishly feeding all of us. It smacks too much of a bigger and sloppier WPA...Potential liability: The hydrant protruding at knee-fracturing height from the north side of the Bank of America building...Did you hear the one about the ventriloquist who talked in his sleep and his wife had to go into the next room to hear what he was saying?...Ben Bonham recently opined at the flight of time, "I came to Lone Pine a young virgin. Now look at me, a grandfather."...July 4th all-too-brief callers were Grandma and Grandpa Viola and Mack McKinney, now of Whittier...The choir and orchestra recital of the Manzanar High School was a real inspiration. All credit to the director, Louis Frizzell ... Southern California lumber yards were flooded with Invitation to Bid #420 from the Naval Supply Depot at Clearfield, Utah, to be opened July 23rd, bids in triplicate with additional papers totalling nine legal sized sheets and calling for quotations on two dowels, two pieces of Masonite, and two pieces of plywood...Another typical example was a Los Angeles wholesaler shipping three pieces of 2x4-8' #2 Common Redwood to the Defense Plant Corp., Lurch, Arkansas...Indoor sport: Rolling empty Coca Cola bottle along the bar top at Mills' Pool & Poker Emporium Deluxe as Julius Mahrt hot-foots it from the rear to catch it before it crashes on the floor...Rudie II's terse appraisal of Los Angeles after three weeks stay minus his horse: "No good!" ...Random thought: Confederate war veteran Uncle Ed Smith's profane opinion of the home-town band striking up "Marching

Through Georgia" ... Schoolboy boner: "Every morning my mother waves her arms to stretch her abominable muscles" ... In our years of dealing with a representative cross-section of the great American public, we have found that the people will as a rule refuse to buy or use something else when the price of an article is too high. Isn't it then reasonable to assume that the way to stop inflation is to raise prices, encourage production and thus overcome scarcities—admittedly the prime factor of inflation?...Jack Marshall was so appreciative when we unlocked the store door at noon to allow him to make a small purchase that he tossed us a tip on his way out... Did you ever stop to think that as a rule the average City of Los Angeles employee proves to be a distinct asset to the community in which he resides?...Exceptional confidence: Mark Dailey of Coso Hot Springs mailing us a blank, signed check, with instructions to fill out the amount of his month-end balance...Voters of Congressional District #2 will stand in line August 31st to choose one who will spend our money...We aren't voting for Candidate Clair Engle regardless of his qualifications. He is another lawyer. Imagine what would happen to this country if two-thirds of our members in Congress were lumbermen...Keep it under your hat, but we know of a Lone Pine housewife who fed rice hulls (used for nests) to the chickens while hubby was away. Perhaps we should haul our next load of sawdust to her...A Glendale movie patron arose from his seat while viewing a picture and shot himself. We believe we have seen that picture...Recent prize social event was the Lions installation with out-going president Bill Bauer officiating as chairman...We appreciate the thoughtfulness of Capt. George Palmer Putnam in mailing us copies of the Army Orientation war maps...Prize radio quip was Bob Hope's comment about the old fellow who got a Sears, Roebuck catalog mixed up with Esquire and went crazy filling out order blanks ...This agency recently handed Lester Troutman a check for $1,-200.00 covering fire loss on a policy that he had taken out less than thirty days previously...It's a foregone conclusion that we must out-Carthage the Romans in our treatment of Japan. It is the only way to protect our future generations...It will be interesting to observe the treatment to now be given Mussolini. At least we hope it will be interesting...Did you ever stop to think that perhaps the second front in Europe has been postponed for a specific reason? Perhaps the Allies are trying to make a deal. If Russia will give us a second front to bomb Japan from Siberia, perhaps she may have her second front in Europe the minute such consent is given...The central lawn between the two high school buildings is a beautiful sight these summer days, thanks to the untiring efforts of custodian Foster Smith. The swinging vine on his entrance gate at home has also intrigued us...Last month the writer eased into the 40-year-olds. It will be another year before he can say that he is this side of forty ...They tell us that middle age has been defined as the time of life when a man thinks he'll feel as good as ever in a few days...With all the trouble we are having with the manpower shortage in our business, the sheriff's office has to come along and pluck off a couple of our lumber handlers...Have you heard about the two young morons who stayed up all night studying for a Wasserman test?... It was a bit tough to see our old friend Lt. George Savage ship off overseas...Distinguished visitors for the month included former

Lone Piners Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wiley of El Monte...Red Skelton recently opined over the radio that with her new hair-do, her boy friend didn't know whether she looked twice as pretty or half as ugly.

—SD—

EDITOR LEAVES TOWN . . .

Unsettled tonight and Thursday, snow probable, not much change in temptation.

—Lead, S.D., paper

Just the same old vices!

He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital for treatment but left there this morning with no bones broken.

—Tyron, N. C., paper

Lucky fellow!

The big Sunday School picnic held Tuesday at the park was a hug success.

—Overbrook, Kans., paper

Tight squeeze, eh?

The ladies of the Cherry Street Church have discarded clothing of all kinds. Call at 44 North Cherry Street for inspection.

Louisiana paper

We'll be right over!

Rev. _____ returned from the Twin Cities yesterday and will take up his cuties at the church.

—Newport, N. D., paper

Why, Reverend!

Mrs. M_____ broke her arm recently. She is recovering nicely under the car of Dr. Downs.

—Riverside, N.J., paper

Cheaper than the hospital, eh?

The bride is approximately 18 feet wide from buttress to buttress.

Kansas City paper

Wow! What a buttress!

Mr. and Mrs. _____ of Denver announce the birth of a 7-year-old child, who didn't give his name.

—Rifle, Colo., paper

Won't talk, eh?

RETROSPECTION
Lone Pine
August — 1928

Pollution of water supply in Lone Pine Creek becomes critical question...Relles Carrasco starts construction of new home for self, the first in the new Simmons tract west of town...In racing after tourist who forgot his change Carl Bruno was fined $5.00 for speeding...Meyers Bros. of Los Angeles are building a distribution depot at Lone Pine Station for the Richfield Oil Company...Pullman schedule on the Southern Pacific has been revised to a 10:00 p.m. departure from Lone Pine with 7:40 a.m. arrival in Los Angeles. Northbound schedule for departure from Los Angeles is 11:00 p.m., arrival in Lone Pine 8:50 a.m.... Joe White and Fred Lindquist were assessed $200 each in Justice Southey's court for transportation of beer...One of the oldest business firms in Keeler, that of Sam Kee Chang's was closed by the Board of Trade...The Observer reprints lengthy article by G. F. Marsh, Sr., that appeared in the August issue of "Motor Carrier," covering his 26 years as stage driver out of Lone Pine...Decomposed body of Harry Biggs found in weeds a short distance below Lone Pine Water Company's intake in Lone Pine Creek Canyon...Harry Gunn, participant in the famous "Bunion Derby" between Los Angeles and New York, conducted by "Cash and Carry" Pyle, climbs Mt. Whitney...Honerlah & Sumner are constructing new dwelling in the Leete addition for L. H. Rich...Gustave Marsh, Jr., tops opponents in Supervisorial primaries. Run-off will be necessary in November against Amos P. Hancock, incumbent.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE MONTH

I just saw young Dan off to the Army

Dan isn't my boy, but his own dad and mother thought it would be easier for Dan if they weren't at the depot. So I was the one who stood with him, grinning and kidding and then turned with a lump in my throat as the sergeant's shrill whistle blew and Dan fell into rank and marched down the stairs out of sight.

And in my heart is a bitter hate—hatred for the enemies that forced these sad circumstances upon us—hatred for any and all persons—politician, farmer, industrialist, labor leader, or worker, who by his thoughts or acts does anything to double-cross or betray that kid.

I remember when I bought him his first ball bat—it was bigger than he was. I stood and yelled as he punched through tackle in his high school football games. How surprised and proud I was when I saw him taking the master's chair in his chapter of DeMolay. I never knew Dan could speak so well or be so self-possessed. I remember when he got his first job (he landed it himself) and won his first promotion.

No, Dan isn't my boy—he's a friend's—a neighbor's kid whom I saw grow from a baby into a fine, clean young man, on the way to being the kind of man and citizen our country needs.

Of course, Dan is coming back—I'll see him again. Sure, army life is just what he needs—it will do wonders for him physically, build him up, make him tough, more reliant, and confident.

...but maybe he won't—maybe a lot of these fine boys of ours won't come back. They say we must suffer heavy casualties before the war is won—that a bit later, the war may cost 100,000 lives each month.

I hope I don't have to read in the papers tonight some story about a strike, or a WLB squabble, or bickerings about farm parities, or feuding between WPB, OPA, and ANMB.

I feel pretty low—and that sort of reading won't do me any good—and it won't do Dan and all those other kids and their red-eyed fathers and mothers any good either.

Warner & Swasey, Cleveland, O.

Too Little?

Too Late?

In the last couple of years we have heard a lot of sad things about meeting a crisis in a "too little, too late" manner.

It's disastrous for a nation—and equally for an individual. When you hear the fire apparatus clanging and shreiking on its way to your home—and remember that you forgot to increase your insurance—you can't pick up your phone and ask us to make the increase.

Give your insurance the attention it deserves—NOW. Don't let it ride until you face the grim fact that it is too little and that you are too late. We are waiting for your call!

INSURANCE

"For Everything Insurable"

Rudie Henderson ◆ Edward Wm. Hjeltness